

## WHAT THE MONKEY SAYS.

By the Aid of a Phonograph a Professor Has Acquired the Simian Tongue.

The account of the experiments recently made by a learned professor at the Smithsonian institution in determining the meaning of the various sounds of the simian tongue is of exceptional interest. This gentleman has, with extreme patience, succeeded in recording upon the phonographic cylinder, many times repeated, the chatter of monkeys; and after careful practice of the sounds thus obtained he finds that on repeating them he can make himself understood by the animals. As it is but natural to suppose that the monkey is expressive of sensate emotions to ourselves and our four-footed brethren that have as yet been unrecognized and defined sounds, for instance, that express cold, hunger, fear and other of the feelings most frequently experienced.

The value, however, of such investigations as these from a scientific standpoint can hardly be overestimated; they will unquestionably result in the following out of an entirely new line of speculation and research in the near future. This novel use of the phonograph is an interesting confirmation of the fact that the more or less marked tendency of many scientific discoveries toward special applications undreamed of when the offshoot of the inventor's ingenuity was first made known to the world. What at first is regarded only as an ingenious toy frequently becomes a necessary adjunct to our civilization. Photography for a considerable time seemed to have little use other than that of ministering to the vanity of the favored few who could afford to employ it; now it is used in every branch of science and art and is, indeed, absolutely indispensable.

The phonograph was long considered a wonderful but comparatively useless plaything, and doubts are still expressed of its ultimate practical value for the purpose for which it was originally designed; but there can be no question that this invention, like many of its predecessors, is destined to open out fresh fields of investigation, and develop new wonders in many and widely-varied directions. Some very interesting facts have been lately established which point to the possibility of the use of the phonograph in the solution of certain problems involving musical acoustics.

About two years ago, when Dr. Wangemann, Mr. Edison's representative, was exhibiting the phonograph before the young German Emperor at his palace in Berlin, a record was about to be made of a performance of the royal orchestra. Dr. Wangemann suggested certain changes in the positions of the instruments, which experience had convinced him were more favorable to the blending and recording of sound than their ordinary disposition. The leader of the orchestra was horror-stricken at the idea of such an unheard-of innovation; the Emperor at once commanded that it should be done, and the record was made. The result so pleased the Emperor that at the next royal concert the strings, wood-wind and brass were placed "a la phonograph." The recording of the subtlest quality, or the "soul," of the human voice, the phonograph has not yet attained to, but for indicating the purely technical capabilities of the vocal organ it possesses remarkable possibilities. When in Paris Dr. Wangemann called on Mme. Marchesi, the celebrated teacher of singing, and suggested that the phonograph might be used for vocal teaching as it rendered possible certain distinctions and shades of tone which often escape the unaided ear. Mme. Marchesi ridiculed the idea, saying that her thirty-five years of tuition had been none too much to give her right ideas on the subject, but she could trust herself sooner than the new-fangled instruments. Dr. Wangemann, however, gained permission to call the next day, when twelve of the artist's pupils sang a plain scale, ascending and descending, into the phonograph. Mme. Marchesi was perfectly astounded with the result, for on listening to the record she perceived inequalities and inaccuracies of tone which had escaped even her keen ear.—Chicago News.

## Annihilation of Time.

The utter annihilation of time and space by electricity was never better illustrated than by an incident which occurred on the coast of India, where two Englishmen were repairing a telegraph cable near Bombay. The two ships were but half a mile apart; one of them holding the shore end of the cable in close communication with Bombay, the other having the sea end, which was connected with Aden. It became necessary for the two ships to communicate with each other in order to complete their work; this was done by one of them telegraphing to Bombay and thence around to Aden, and the other from Aden around to Bombay. Thus as a speedy means of sending messages a half a mile they were sent around by a route nearly four thousand miles in length.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Story of Bret Harte.

In one of Bret Harte's clever parodies of the French he tells a story in words something like these: Three gamblers were playing in the streets of Paris. A priest passed by. "There goes a priest," cried one; "look out for your eggs and chickens!" The priest, hearing the words, knelt down and prayed for the boys. But, upon reflection, he was convinced that it was not the fault of the boys, but of their parents. He knelt down the second time and prayed for the boys' parents. On another thought he saw that it was not the fault of the boys' parents, but of society. He knelt down again and prayed for society. As he rose from his prayer he said to himself: "My friend, who is society? You and I are society." So he knelt down the last time and prayed for himself.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## A Changeable Climate.

"I think," said the clerk in the dry-goods store, "that I will resign unless something is done to make my work easier. I can't stand the climate."

"What would you suggest?"

"Well, put the ear-muffs and the palm-leaf fans on the same shelf and keep them there. It would save a heap of unpacking and running up and downstairs."—Washington Post.

## An Important Point.

Mrs. Blifkins (reading)—The points of fine seal fur are, first, the texture.—Mr. Blifkins—Humph! Seems to me the first point is the price.—Good News.

AVENGED AT LAST;  
Or, a World-Wide Chase.

## A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."

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## CHAPTER XI.

When Percy arrived at Buenos Ayres he did not rush with precipitate haste to Emerick & Co's office; he took up his quarters at a quiet English hotel and then went systematically to work to find out what he could about Mr. Emerick. There was little to be learned, however, for all he could hear was that Emerick lived in quiet seclusion in a handsome modern residence lying to the north of the town, which had been previously occupied by Mr. Howe, his partner, and family. When not at business Emerick was reported to spend his time at this house, where he would sometimes entertain a few friends, particularly some Spanish gentlemen, who, strange to say, were not admitted to the better society of Buenos Ayres. To these guests of Emerick's the houses of the civil authorities were not open, neither did any of the numerous wealthy foreign residents invite them to their tables. Yet it was not unknown that, for them to spend the evening and greater part of the night at Mr. Emerick's house, and one of the servants had once told a confidential friend outside that their amusement consisted almost entirely of playing cards, drinking wine and smoking. Yet Mr. Emerick, and extending his in his attendance to business and was regularly seen at his desk in the office of Emerick & Co. in a large four-story modern business block situated near to the customhouse. Only very seldom did the merchant appear at the theater. Occasionally he would be seen at an Anglo-American concert hall, but not often, and then he was usually alone and would drink his wine in a little private box and go quietly home.

That night after his arrival at Buenos Ayres, our friend Lovel casually made up his mind to drop into the place for an hour. He was quite alone and, sitting at a side table partially hidden by some trees, he could without undue effort see all that was going on yet not attract particular attention to himself.

He had been seated there about an hour when, happening to look up, his eyes rested upon the familiar form of Mr. Emerick standing up in one of the boxes. He was just arranging his chair so that he could sit behind the curtains and not be visible to the audience but Lovel noticed that he was alone and had a single bottle of wine before him.

Percy failed to get a glimpse of him again during all that evening, but he waited patiently and, after the performance, he kept lingering in the place, hoping the merchant might pass out. He had to wait some time and in parts of the hall many of the lights were being extinguished before Mr. Emerick arose to leave. When he did he moved about as though afraid of being seen. It was hardly the place where one would expect to see a person of his position and that was probably his reason for his cautious movements. Percy followed his man rather closely as he went towards the stage door where he met a lady just coming out. Together they walked across the Plaza and found a conveyance which was evidently waiting for them, for without a word the driver, they took their seats and were driven away.

"The more I see of this man the more of a mystery does he become to me; but I would like to get a good look at him face to face once," soliloquized Lovel.

The opportunity was not long delayed, for a few days later Percy was seated on one of the marble seats in the shade of the paradise trees on the Plaza Victoria when who should approach but Mr. Emerick. Percy was reading a portion of a London paper which had arrived on the last mail, and was handed to him by an English army officer at the hotel. He hardly knew how to account Emerick, but resorted to very simple tactics by asking him in the free and easy manner which he had acquired in America, if he would permit him to take a light from his cigar. Mr. Emerick at once drew out a gold match box and supplied the want.

"You are a stranger here?" he said to Percy.

"I'm, indeed, I arrived here only a few days since," replied Percy, at the same time feeling devoutly thankful that Mr. Emerick had not recognized him. It was so dark on the piazza at Long Branch, the only place where Mr. Emerick had met Percy, that it was a safe risk to take, and it had apparently passed safely.

"Have you any acquaintances in Buenos Ayres?" was Mr. Emerick's first question.

"None, whatever," answered Percy; "I am here to see the country, and do not intend to remain long."

"Where are you staying, may I ask?"

"At the Hotel Victoria," was the reply.

"Then you are an Englishman, I presume?"

"Yes," answered Percy without alluding to his long residence in America.

"If you ever find the time hanging heavily on your hands while here," said Mr. Emerick, "drop in at my office and see me." Saying which he drew out a card and handed it to Percy. "May I inquire your name?" he asked as he handed the card.

"Byron Huntly," responded Percy. "I am sorry I have no card."

This was the assumed name under which Percy had registered at the hotel and the one by which he was traveling.

A few days later he called at Mr. Emerick's office and took lunch with that gentleman. He also accepted an invitation to meet a few gentlemen at Mr. Emerick's house that evening.

Nothing could have suited Percy better than this. He went and stayed late. Poker was the order of the hour, and Percy left a winner to such an extent that he felt in honor bound to accept the invitation pressed upon him to accept another game the next evening.

An intelligent Spaniard of about Mr. Emerick's own age accompanied Percy part of the way home and grew very confidential.

"Mr. Huntly," he said, "let me caution you to be very careful when you go to Mr. Emerick's next week. There were one or two gentlemen in that party to-night who are adepts at handling the cards and I have just cause for being suspicious even of Mr. Emerick himself. It is not perhaps the essence of honor to speak ill of one's host behind

his back. You are a stranger and may have plenty of enemies which you can afford to lose, but any suspicions that the play at Mr. Emerick's house was not always fair, were confirmed to-night and I give you warning. Be careful."

These words set Percy thinking, but they of course did not deter him from going to Mr. Emerick's on that night week.

During the time which intervened he took a trip up the Rio de la Plata to one of the river ports, and returned on the morning of his appointment for the card party.

When evening came Mr. Emerick called for him at the hotel and together they went out to the merchant's house. Percy was left to himself for about half an hour before dinner, and he occupied most of the time with his thoughts. He could not by an means make up his mind that this man Emerick was the man he was seeking for, but he could not give up the idea that Emerick was in hiding for some purpose of his own. There was a slight resemblance to Velasquez, as he remembered that rascal, but so long a time had elapsed since he used to watch the high play at the gaming house in San Francisco that it would be dangerous to accuse this man of being Mario Delano's murderer and then discover that he was altogether mistaken. Besides, in regard to finding out whether he was the woman Bregy's husband or not, he possessed no clew of any kind on which to work.

The early part of the evening passed pleasantly enough. Percy continued to give him the warning on the last occasion of their playing. But after midnight—the turn came. In an incredibly short space of time the Spaniard's pile was reduced to almost nothing, and Percy also played a losing game. A sudden he detected the unpleasant fact that they were being cheated. When he made this discovery he did not hesitate a moment, but threw down his cards and refused to play. The Spaniard and Mr. Emerick stared at him in amazement and asked the reason. Learning that he was being cheated, the Spaniard said, as he puffed away without the slightest regard to consequences: "Because this game is crooked."

Every man except the Spaniard who had warned Percy jumped to his feet. "Sir," they said in unison, "what do you mean by this insult?" "Precisely what I said," the cool and undaunted Englishman replied.

"Such insults may pass unnoticed in England," said Mr. Emerick, with assumed haughtiness, "but here things are different. The insult which you have offered us can only be wiped out in one way."

"On the modern French plan or in the stern reality?" asked Percy, who did not resist the temptation to hurl a sneer at the man for whom he had conceived such a strong dislike.

"We have but one plan here," spoke up a tall, mustached Spaniard, "and that is to fight to the death."

"Undoubtedly a very good one, too, but do you propose that I should fight each of you singly, will you all pounce upon me at once, or do I take my choice of opponent?" was Percy's reply, made as easily as though he was engineering his way on an unfamiliar street.

The Spaniards at once commenced speaking rapidly to each other, at the same time casting angry glances at Percy, but he never flinched.

During this conversation Percy's thoughts chased each other through his mind with lightning swiftness. If he fought, his opponent must be this man Emerick. And what if Emerick should prove the better man? In that case it might never be learned who he really was. He felt that he had made a mistake in offending these hot-headed Spaniards. True, there was one who would probably render him assistance, but even he could not be relied upon. He had no faith at all in men of their nationality.

In a few moments they ceased their confab, and Mr. Emerick, acting as spokesman, said:

"We have decided that you must either name one of us gentlemen to fight with weapons which you shall be allowed to choose or prepare to be treated as a coward and a liar."

"It is hardly possible that I shall choose the latter," answered Percy. "I



HE DREW OUT A CARD AND HANDED IT TO PERCY.

is not exactly natural to an Englishman to back out when there is any fighting in prospect, so I accept your proposition. This gentleman on my right will perhaps act as my second."

The man alluded to was the one he had walked home with a week before, and he agreed to act for Percy. Then Lovel pondered for a moment before he proceeded to name his opponent. Each of the Spaniards stood eying him as much as to say: "Oh, please take me to look to spill a little of your cold English blood on the fertile plains of this Republic; only give me the chance."

The coolest of the lot was Mr. Emerick, who seemed as unconcerned and indifferent as Lovel himself. But Percy was not considering whom he should fight; at that point his mind was fully made up. He had other thoughts in his mind. He seemed, as it were, in a trap. He knew full well that if he further incurred the anger of these men he might never leave the place alive, and his body might float out on some raft to the ocean. It was a bold break, but about to make, but it meant a great deal. If he was to be killed, he wanted to know who killed him. If he killed, he proposed to know whom he had killed. He stood erect, his enemies beaming on one side and the other.

Looking Mr. Emerick straight in the eyes he riveted that gentleman's gaze in such a manner that there was no escape. Then in a clear, calm voice he uttered the words: "Leon Velasquez, I will fight you."

But if Mr. Emerick was indeed Ve-

lasquez, Percy's words took no apparent effect. For a moment the muscles of the merchant's face moved, as he replied: "There is no one of that name in the room; to whom do you refer?"

"To you," answered Percy; "but I will fight you under any name you wish."

"I fail to understand why you should address me by an imaginary name, when my own, and our seconds will make arrangements, and I am prepared at any time to meet you," was the reply.

The tall Spaniard and the gentleman whom Percy had named as his second held a consultation and soon decided that the meeting should take place at daylight in a secluded spot to the northwest of the town.

Percy chose to fight with rapiers, as he was tolerably skillful in the use of those weapons and felt more certain of getting fair play. All arrangements being completed, Percy and his second at once made their departure. There was still time for a few hours' sleep, and Percy decided to take advantage of it.

But no sooner had Percy and his friend departed than the tall Spaniard and Mr. Emerick were again in consultation. "That Englishman must never leave this man alone," they said, "and I can not and will not run the risk of fighting him. He is probably a skilled swordsman or would not choose such weapons, and since there must be no mistake about his being disposed of, other means must be resorted to."

"That is all right enough," replied his second in Spanish. "You to bed and get a few hours' rest and I will attend to the rest."

"Do this and you shall be well paid," said Mr. Emerick. The Spaniard ap-



ONE OF THEM STRUCK HIM A HEAVY BLOW ON THE HEAD.

parently entertained no very high estimate of Emerick's promises and thought it would be better to have something on account. So he demanded a payment in advance, and upon his desires being satisfied he left the house and made his way into the town as fast as possible, to find suitable men to carry out his plans. As daylight dawned Percy and his second arrived on the spot which had been agreed upon. They were lost on the scene, but had not long to wait, as Mr. Emerick and his second arrived soon after them.

It took but a short time to prepare for the fight, and when ready the seconds were standing a short distance from the men, devoid of coat and vest, stood facing each other. The word was given, and they met with a crash. Then as they crossed, Percy heard a rush behind him, and in another instant a cloak was thrown over him and he was forced violently to the ground. His struggles were in vain, and a moment later he felt his feet being tied by rough hands so tightly that he suffered intense pain. The next thing he knew he was being carried somewhere through in which direction he had no the faintest idea.

Once he heard his second's voice ex postulating, but only for a second. He writhed and struggled, paying no attention to the injunction of his captors given in Spanish, telling him to keep quiet. Finally, tired of handling such a troublesome load, one of them struck him a heavy blow on the head which stunned and effectually quieted him. He remembered no more until some hours after, when he came to his senses with a terrible pain in his head, and realized that he was being conveyed in some vehicle without springs over a very rough road. What his thoughts and feelings were can better be imagined than described, but his chagrin at not being permitted to pass his sword through his enemy's body surmounted all other feelings. Whether he was being carried to some place of confinement or to a place of execution, he did not know. One thing he was thankful for, and that was life; for so long as that was left he cherished the hope that he might find deliverance. He was too much exhausted to remain conscious long and soon sank again into a comatose state.

Meanwhile, Mr. Emerick returned to his house, settled with the Spanish rascal who had engineered the outrage or Lovel and appeared at the usual time at his office as if nothing out of the ordinary course had happened within the past few hours. He was little afraid of his second, but he was well pleased that he had been able to keep quiet. He knew full well that the Spaniard who had acted as Percy's second would never dare to say a word of what had happened, lest the other members of the gang should injure him. Of the others, he had no cause to be afraid.

In the afternoon of the same day Mr. Emerick received a cable message from New York stating that his partner had died that morning. Here was a dilemma for the merchant. How should he act? If he returned to New York he ran a risk of again meeting that woman sailor and her equally, to him, disagreeable person.

Still his business was worth saving or selling (for whatever the secret history of this man Emerick, and whatever the reasons he had for playing hide-and-seek with his fellowmen, he was undoubtedly a clever man of business) and he had run greater risks than that point his mind was fully made up. He had other thoughts in his mind. He seemed, as it were, in a trap. He knew full well that if he further incurred the anger of these men he might never leave the place alive, and his body might float out on some raft to the ocean. It was a bold break, but about to make, but it meant a great deal. If he was to be killed, he wanted to know who killed him. If he killed, he proposed to know whom he had killed. He stood erect, his enemies beaming on one side and the other.

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## SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

## FARMERS AND THE SINGLE TAX.

Walter Rusk, President of the North Dakota State Farmers' Alliance, Writing to the New York Journal.

A goodly number of single tax men were among the delegates to the recent Farmers' Convention at Ocala, Fla., where I represented North Dakota. A resolution was passed favoring the single tax had been sure that the members were not in want of thorough information on the subject.

I am a single tax man, and recommended it to our people in this State. I would not do this if I held to the belief that the single tax would increase the burden of the farmer. That is a myth that will be exploded among the farmers in a few more months of educational work.

Then they will see, as the Knights of Labor have long seen, that a single tax levied solely on the value of land, irrespective of improvements, can not burden a worker, be he farmer, mechanic, or professional man.

The adoption of the single tax by the Colored Farmers' Alliance is but an indication of what is coming. When the farmers of the country take up the single tax there will be no more war, and as this country has never seen it, it will be greater than the anti-slavery movement because it will not be sectional.

The man who is riding the storm of rural discontent is Henry George.

Once the single tax is "platformed," there will be a fighting issue that will wipe out all past issues of race, section and religion. The farmers of to-day are not the farmers of twenty years ago. This time they are going to the root of our social troubles. They are coming to see that all other reforms are fruitless if monopoly and speculation are permitted to monopolize the source of all wealth. The eastern farmer needs the single tax just as much as the western. If it were not so the single tax would be but a local and temporary expedient of relief. The farmers are a liberty-loving class, and the single tax, in leveling the positions of labor, is giving to individualism the freest scope, feeds their aspirations for freedom.

Is a Tax On Ground-Rent Paid By the Tenant?

I have sometimes irreverently made fun of those opponents of the single tax who insist that it will be distributed just like a tariff tax, and, therefore that it has no advantage over any indirect taxes. If I were in the least likely to be the chief opponents of the tax reform would believe this theory, we would keep silence on the subject, because nine-tenths of all the opposition would be removed, and the single tax would at least be adopted in several States.

But landlords are not so simple-minded as to be deceived by any such plan as this. They know very well that they now charge all the rent for land which they could possibly get, tax or no tax. Not one of them can be persuaded that a tax on ground-rents can ever be shifted upon tenants. So we must meet this idea with facts and figures. In order to convince the tenants of the Ricardian doctrine that a tax on ground-rents will always be paid by landlords alone.

Suppose the ground-rent of the United States to be \$900,000,000. Suppose the single tax, unlimited, to be adopted; and this is the particular form of tax which Mr. Edward Atkinson and the other advocates of this distribution theory are considering. Something over \$800,000,000 would then be collected. On Mr. Atkinson's theory, the landlords would add this to their rents, and the tenants would add it to the prices of goods. Very well; then rents would be raised to \$1,700,000,000. Instantly the price of goods would be raised to about \$1,000,000,000. Rents are then put up to \$3,300,000,000. But the taxes are just as quickly put up to \$3,200,000,000. Rents are again raised to \$6,500,000,000. Taxes instantly swallow up \$6,400,000,000. Rents are now raised to \$13,000,000,000. But taxes as swiftly follow, absorbing \$12,900,000,000. The price of goods is now once more raised to \$29,000,000,000. But, as this is more than twice as much as the whole productive power of the whole United States, how are the landlords going to get it? And if they could get it, how can they keep it?

There is no use in going any further, though the figures might be carried into infinite numbers. The idea that landlords can add to their ground-rents taxes on ground-rents, so long as the people are determined to take even half the ground-rents in taxes, is transparently absurd. But the idea that they can add any taxes at all to ground-rents, when the people are already paying all the rent which they can possibly obtain, is equally absurd, though not perhaps so transparent. The American landlord very properly charges now all the rent for land which he can possibly get. He can get no more, if compelled to pay a quarter or a half of the whole rent in taxes, and he would be glad to reason that he gets now all which he possibly can, and no man can get more than he can get.—Thomas G. Shearman, in the Standard.

## Australia.

The Legislative Assembly of Queensland has passed a bill for the imposing of a tax of three pence on the pound on capital land values, irrespective of improvements. The upper House, however, threw out the bill on the second reading. This is the first start of the single tax in Queensland, and a good one it is. The landlords of the upper chamber may resist for a little while, but will soon have to give way.

Sir Henry Parkes for the Government of New South Wales has introduced a most sweeping elective reform bill, which provides for all that the most thorough Democrats have asked. It gives female suffrage, provides for single electoral district, abolishes property qualifications and cumulative voting, does away with the existing system of nomination, provides stringent provisions against fraud, and compels the closing of liquor saloons on election day. The bill also admits the military and police to the franchise. This is the most sweepingly radical measure that has ever been proposed, but it is likely that it will go through. The Government have not yet announced specially their financial proposals, but they have hinted at sweeping reductions to the tariff and the imposing of taxes on land values and on property to supply the loss on customs revenue. The single tax men welcome the proposition but will fight the property tax.

The single tax men throughout Australia seem to be in the highest spirits.

Although the great strikes have resulted in much loss, they have done a great deal to call the public attention to the social problem. The Government of New South Wales has appointed a Royal Commission to take evidence and report upon the cause of the conflict between labor and capital, and the best means of preventing labor disputes. Several single tax men have been named on this commission. Mr. Frank Cotton being of the number. Rev. Dr. Roseby, of Sydney, Chairman of the Congregational Union, the leading man of the Congregational clergy of New South Wales, has delivered an address upon the relations of Christianity to the social question which has attracted much attention. He declares that it is hopeless to attempt to elevate men so long as they are placed in conditions where their integrity is impossible. Hence the most urgent reform is the adjustment of the land laws on the basis of justice to all.

## An Amusing Economist.

The Peoria (Ill.) Journal prints, with editorial commendation, a communication from Eli C. Lisk. Mr. Lisk declares that the farmer now pays ninety-two per cent. of the taxes of this country. One reason for this is that "all property lies open to the assessor and it all goes on the assessor's books," whereas "the rest of the community, manufacturers and merchants excepted, have their wealth laid aside in their drawers and safes and can not be seen by the assessor, but he has to depend on their word alone for the correctness of the listed property." Mr. Lisk is a little foggy in his English, but his meaning is quite clear, and he sensibly declares that "this mode of assessment is all wrong." What do our readers suppose is the remedy Mr. Lisk proposes? It is to exempt land entirely from taxation and assess improvements and personal property alone. Of course he suggests new and drastic measures for ascertaining the amount of bonds and mortgages, etc., held by each individual, and equally, of course, fails to remember that those concerned have a perfect right to remove themselves and their possessions from the jurisdiction of such a law. Having started out by showing that personal property can not be equitably taxed, he insists that it alone shall be taxed. The Peoria Journal sapiently remarks that "it will be observed that the writer does not espouse the theories espoused by Henry George, but, on the contrary, takes just the opposite view." Yes, this will be observed.

## The Single Tax in Minneapolis, Minn.

C. J. Buell, of Minneapolis, writing to the Standard, says: The single tax is moving right along here. The fact that Mayor P. B. Winston has joined our league has caused considerable comment in the newspapers. Very many of our leading business men here are single taxers; while as to the masses of the people, they are very likely to do so, they would give a large majority for the single tax, if the matter could be presented to them on its merits. In the meantime we are trying to amend the constitution that the people of any country or city, or of the State at large, can vote upon the matter. There are in the city many single taxers in the Legislature. The entire Democratic contingent from this county—nineteen in number—with one possible exception, will favor our bill, and one of the two Republicans will also favor us. Mayor Stivers, of Brainerd, who is in the House; also John Sheets, of Todd County, Mr. Bull, of Wright County, and John L. Keyes, of Winona, are single taxers. It was Keyes who put through the Australian ballot law two years ago, and he is now at work on a bill to apply the reform to the entire State. I don't know how many other single taxers there may be in the House, but our bill is so framed that any opposition to it has got to deny the Democratic principle of local self-government. We have great hopes of being able to carry the measure through.

## The Single Tax Principle.

The single tax idea is steadily commending itself to earnest thinking men. It is a simple and just idea, and it is a principle of justice that a man who holds property vacant, with nominal taxes, and gains the increment of value produced by the improvements made by his neighbors, who pay taxes upon those improvements. The bed rock of taxation is this: no tax on the products of labor. This principle is world-wide. It applies with equal force to the town, the State, the Nation, the world. By its adoption labor would receive a healthy stimulus, and would create wealth as never before. Throughout the world the burdens of taxation have fallen upon labor, and in all forms of indirect taxation the burden falls with more equal weight upon the poorer classes of their circumstances. But place this burden upon land values only and at once the basis of taxation becomes absolutely equitable, land speculation becomes unprofitable, and the inducements to labor to place improvements upon the land and to advance to its general ownership are vastly multiplied.—Grand Rapids Building and Realty.

## They Want the Earth.

Mrs. Juliet Baum, wife of Pension Commissioner Green B. Baum, and John Fields, her brother, have begun suit against the town of Golconda, Ill., for the recovery of property valued at over \$200,000. They assert titles as heirs of Green B. Fields, founder of the town, and the land they claim constitutes Water street, Ohio street, and the public landing. The streets were laid out by the founder of the town, who, doubtless was compensated for the surrender of the ground necessary by the increase in the value of his other land. He appears to have neglected to deed these streets to the public, and now these people propose to make their fellow-citizens pay dearly for his neglect. Of course the whole value of this property has been created by the people of Golconda, without whose presence the land in question would not be worth quarrelling about. This is another beautiful illustration of the justice and equity of the existing system of land tenure about which we hear so much from its interested defenders.

BENEATH all political problems lies the social problem of the distribution of wealth. This our people do not generally recognize, and they listen to quacks who propose to cure the symptoms without touching the disease. "Let elect good men to office," say the quacks. Yes, let us catch little birds by sprinkling salt on their tails!—Social Problems.

## PITH AND POINT.

—When small people fall in love they increase their sighs.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—There is a vast difference between living simply and simply living.—St. Joseph News.

—A greedy man should wear a plaid vest, so as to keep a check on his stomach.—N. Y. Ledger.

—The person who can least spare it is often most willing to give others a piece of his mind.—Rome Sentinel.

—There is nothing more discouraging to a man than thoughts of how great he intended to be.—Atchison Globe.

—"We may not be soldiers, except of fortune," said Patsy, the tramp, to his companion, "but we are comrades-in-arms for all that."—St. Joseph News.

—To Err Is Human.—Critics—"The greatest vicinity to human mistakes." Author—"Yes, every writer is liable to put his mucilage brush into the ink bottle."—N. Y. Sun.

—There is a woman who has been married fifty-eight years, and who has never missed kindling the kitchen fire. Her husband is probably the oldest fire escape on record.

—It may be well enough to call a spade a spade, if you are going to talk about spades at all, but it is a good deal more elevating usually to talk about the stars.—Somerville Journal.

—Office Boy—"Editor's gone off fer weeks. Leave yer bill with me, an' I'll give it to him when he gets back." "I haven't got a bill, I've got a club." "Editor's up-stairs, sir."—Good News.

—Husband—"Look here, Nettie, what's the use of paying a girl \$12 a month when you do all the work?" Wife—"Well, the neighbors would say I had to do my own work if I didn't keep a girl."—Bostonian.

—Made to Look At.—Visitor—"My! what a splendid library. Have you read all those books?" Hostess—"No, but I should like to very much." Visitor—"Well, why don't you?" Hostess—"I am afraid of the